

Read this! It may save you from a madhouse or even the grave.

BLOOD POISON CAN BE CURED

Your physical ills may be due to the poisonous taint in your blood.

ONLY IN ONE WAY, however. There are dozens of fake concerns and practitioners claiming to effect cures. *Not one of them does or can.* Even the medical profession is powerless to cope with this disorder. It *can* alleviate. It *can* and *does* fill your system with mercury. It *can* and *does* ruin your stomach and digestion with potash. It *can* and *does* send you to Hot Springs, Ark., at a heavy expense to you in time and money. *But it does not and can not cure you.* The poisonous germs still remain in the system, "scotched," not killed; dormant, with all their potentialities for misery unimpaired. But they do not stay dormant long. It is a matter of brief time until they are again actively at work.

The only method of treatment in the world that cures is that discovered by Dr. Francis A. Sieber, and which is controlled and applied through

The International Serum Toxin Company,

Offices, Rooms 722 and 723 St. James Building, 26th St. and Broadway,

OF which Dr. Sieber is the Medical Director, and who, after years of study and experiment, discovered a Serum that *kills the poisonous germ* in the system. No ifs or ands about this. It has been proved in thousands of cases, and has *never failed in one.* Strong statement? Yes, and as true as it is strong. What's more, *it can be proved.* The Sieber serum is administered by subcutaneous injections, and not only cures the disease, but it drives out at the same time all the mercury with which the system is impregnated.

IT makes no difference to us whether the sufferer has acquired the disease himself or has inherited the evil. It makes no difference whether it is in the primary, secondary or tertiary stage. It makes no difference whether he is afflicted by the sequelae of the tertiary stage, *locomotor ataxia, paralysis, paresis, loss of eyesight,* or affections of the *lungs, kidney or liver.* We will not only *cure him*, but, if we take his case, we *guarantee to do so.* If the sufferer is able to attend to his business, we will not interrupt his activities. We will *cure him* right here in New York, and there will be neither mercury, potash nor any other deleterious drug in the remedy used.

SOME of the cures effected are simply marvellous—the phrase is too weak, they are *miraculous.* It is not an agreeable matter for men to publicly testify to the virtues of the Sieber treatment. There is the innate sense of delicacy common to all forbidding. But occasionally men, in their joy and gratitude for *restoration to health* and escape from an untimely *grave* or a *madhouse*, overcome the false sense of modesty and offer to tell of their experience that humanity may profit from it.

ONE of the men who feel this way is Charles Carmichael, of 335 E. Indiana Street, Chicago. Mr. Carmichael is known to lovers of the horse all over the United States as the owner of "Cash Day," "Sun Dawn," "Ardelle," "Simon D." and other race horses. He tells of his condition and experience fully in the Chicago Sunday Inter Ocean of May 4, and from that the following is a brief extract:

"ABOUT two and a half years ago I became troubled with frequent and excruciating shooting pains in my legs, with involuntary twitchings. My eyesight became affected and my memory impaired. I went to a doctor, who at once said I must go to Hot Springs, Ark. 'Your trouble,' he said, 'is LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA, and is caused by the same malady that people go to the Springs to be cured of.' So down to Hot Springs I went and took the baths and had myself dosed with mercury until I would have made a first-class barometer. Not a bit of improvement resulted. In fact, I got worse. * * * Becoming discouraged, I shook the dust of Hot Springs from me and came back to Chicago. Then I got another physician. * * * He proposed to cure me through the use of electricity and flagellation of my limbs, in order to restore the impaired circulation. * * * The tortures that I endured from this mode of treatment were something indescribable. Yet I could not see any benefit resulting. At last I went to the International Serum Toxin Company, 48 Van Buren street, as my only hope. I met Dr. Sieber and he examined me thoroughly. He told me that my case was a pretty bad one, but that he was confident he could cure me. It was the latter part of May, 1901, when I took the first injection. The treatment consists entirely of subcutaneous injections, and these are administered once a day. By

the middle of June I could feel that I was improving. At the end of a month I was so much better that I could get about without an attendant. In November I threw away my canes, and have had no occasion to use them since. * * * To-day I am as bright mentally as I ever was, and as strong physically as any man of my age—42—that I know of. I have been 'restored to life.'"

ON May 18 William E. Hawley, well known all over the country at one time as an athlete and instructor, told of his experience in the Chicago Sunday Inter Ocean. Here is a brief extract from it:

"THERE has not been a time in the past three years that death was not expected to come to me. Out of a score or more of physicians whom I consulted there was not one that failed to say to me, 'You may live a few years, but you are liable to drop dead any minute.' They said I had aneurism of the aorta. In my case the swelling of the heart was so large that it made a protuberance on my breast as large as a good-sized apple. If that was all there was to it, it wouldn't be so bad. But as the heart enlarges its activity seems to increase in a geometrical ratio. Then this enlargement causes a pressure on the myriad of nerves that branch to all parts of the body. The result of this pressure is that the most excruciating pains follow and shoot to all parts of the system. * * * The aneurism manifested itself in my case about three years ago. The doctors to whom I went said it was due to excessive muscular exertion. That was true in a measure, but I know that the mercurial treatment that I had taken at Hot Springs, Ark., a few years preceding and the baths administered there had the most to do with it. If I had not had to go to Hot Springs there would never have been any aneurism. * * * For three years I suffered, and as I was travelling all the time I consulted physicians everywhere. None could help me. At Cincinnati I put myself in the hands of an eminent specialist, and was in the hospital there three months. When I was finally discharged he pronounced me incurable.

"MY heart by that time used to beat like a force pump. So powerful was its action that a person could see my coat rise and fall in unison with the beating. My appetite was gone, and with the certainty of death facing me, as I supposed, I was ready to welcome the end. Just as I had reached this stage of despondency a friend mentioned Dr. Sieber to me, and suggested that I call on him. * * * I did so, but the exertion was so great in my then condition that the doctor thought I would die right there. Well, that was three weeks ago. The doctor examined me, and after he had found out about the Hot Springs episode, to which I have referred, told me that he did not think he could cure me. Finally I prevailed on him to take my case. Within a week after beginning the treatment there was perceptible change for the better in my condition. And the progress for the better has continued ever since. My heart is getting smaller. It is not more than half the size it was when I started in. Its beating is not so rapid or so violent as it was, either. The pressure on the nerves that has caused me so much agony has disappeared. I have no pain now. I can sleep and eat normally, and, better than all, I can get about with as little inconvenience and as much celerity as I ever did. I am on the road to recovery."

THE case of Mr. Hawley is a medical miracle. There is not a case of cure of aneurism of heart on record in professional annals, or even of reduction of the swelling. Yet, since talking as above, Mr. Hawley is cured, or so nearly so that he will be discharged from treatment in a few weeks. He is a new man. His heart has resumed its normal size and action, the protuberance of his breast is gone, and he is again at work, after months of enforced idleness. Mr. Hawley's Chicago home is at Hunt's Hotel, 148 Dearborn Street.

JUST one word more—as to the charges for this treatment. The International Serum Toxin Company is not in business for its health. It charges a good price for its treatment, and it graduates its terms according to the financial ability of its patients. It would be absurd to charge a millionaire, for instance, the same price for a cure as we would charge the salaried man. But no matter what we charge, we guarantee a cure. Is there any other known human agency that can and will do the same? We make but one condition with our patients; that is that during treatment and for six months afterward they shall abstain from the use of intoxicants.

The International Serum Toxin Company,

Rooms 722 and 723 St. James Building, 26th Street and Broadway,

NEW YORK.

Kill this germ of misery in your blood and be a new man.

Chicago Offices, Suite 700
to 716 Isabella Building, 48
Van Buren Street, between
State St. and Wabash Ave.

F. H. Cooper Pres

Founder of
Siegel, Cooper & Co.

Mercury and potash never cure. We do, and guarantee the result.